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Sold by His Wife in Mexico!

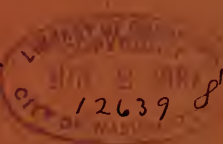
THE BARD OF MOUNT MADONNA.

"Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing;
How many tales to please me hath she coined
Doubting my love, the loss whereof still fearing;
Yet, in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings."
Shakspeare.

"That nameless torture may be called a hell,
Where more is felt than one hath power to tell."— *Shakspeare.*
But more of Etta's doings will be sung
Soon as my pent-up rage can find a tongue.

"Women's feet still go astray,
If to ill they know the way."

Wentworth



THIS POEM CAN BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO THE AUTHOR,

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SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA:

APRIL 20, 1887.

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SOLD BY HIS WIFE IN MEXICO !

THE BARD OF MOUNT MADONNA.

" Behold yon simpering dame, whose face between her forks presageth snow ;
who minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name ; the
fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to it with a more ravenous appetite., '—SHAK.

" In venturing ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for those which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity
For having much, torments us with defect
Of what we have : so then we do neglect
The things we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it."—SHAK.

" Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced."—MILTON.

" I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so vile a thing."—TENNYSON

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San Diego, Cal., April 20th, 1887.

CHAPTER FIRST.

My hero claims no honored rank—
He is a humble poet ;
His life has been almost a blank—
'Tis sad the world must know it.

A poet's lot is always hard—
No lot on earth is harder ;
And no place else can test a bard
Quicker than Ensenada.

Hardship is oft a blessing, when
Men choose to so bestow it ;
Tailors can make good-looking men,
But hardship makes the poet.

He trembles not at fortune's frown—
Disaster can't debase him ;
His wife may clamor for renown—
That only can disgrace him.

Her fair name he must not "defame"—
 That must be kept untarnished ;
If he presumes to whisper "shame,"
 He must at once be banished.

My bard has had a sorry time
 Since he left San Diego ;
His wife imputes to him a crime
 Would shame a Winnebago.

The way the jubilee began,
 (Though he but vaguely guessed it,)
Reveals a bold and fiendish plan
 For having him arrested.

Previous developments had shown
 That she was busy scheming
To have him driven from the town—
 Perhaps they were but seeming.

She'd tried to send him off elsewhere
 By some occult devices ;
But, having failed, in sheer despair
 She forced a desperate crisis.

On April fifth, then, be it said,
 (Without a sign of fighting,)
His wife was lying on a bed,
 He at a table writing.

As springs the tigress from her lair,
 She sprang toward the table
And said, "I'm going to pull your hair
 As well as I am able."

She snatched the document instead,
 And to her lair retreated ;
And he (while no harsh word was said,)
 Sat still and let her read it.

And here the writing I'll produce—
 The infamous "defamer ;"
She's given me a good excuse,
 And no one seems to blame her.

Editor ———: Dear Sir—It's myself, this time, or, at least, what is supposed to be the "better half" of me. She says she is going to get a "bill" from me, and marry a man in San Diego who is worth half a million. I hope she will succeed with her bill, and "get her work in" on the half-million man; and no doubt she will, if the Governor of Michigan does not head her off; but it would be just like him to veto her bill or stay its execution for five or ten years.

Please do not send any paper containing this to Cadillac, Michigan; otherwise her nice little scheme might get frustrated.

When she had read it through, in spite
She said, "the world shall know it ;
For when the boarders come to-night,
To them I'm going to show it."

He answered, "that I will not stand,"
And made a dash to sieze it ;
But she condensed it in her hand,
And tightly did she squeeze it.

He caught her hand, she caught his hair,
And shouted for assistance ;
And his great crime (for I was there)
Was simply *non-resistance*.

Of course he took the writing back
By the installment process ;
But stoutly she refused to slack
Her hold upon his tresses.

She'd have the boarders wring his neck
For writing such a letter ;
No more he'd occupy the deck
Of his dishonored Etta—
Dismantled Henrietta !

While thus she held him in her power
She tried to make him promise
To leave the town within an hour,
(But he refused to vamoze)

Else most devoutly she would swear
That he had tried to slay her,
And have him placed securely where
He never could gainsay her—

Placed in the Ensenada jail,
By Mexicans surrounded,
Where no entreaty could avail
To have his case expounded.

Could this be that enchanting dame
For whose sake he had gone mad—
Whose ardent letters bore the name
Of Mrs. E. L. Conrad ?

No—this is Mrs. "Chamberlain,"
So late of Coronado,
Who took H. Wentworth's name in vain,
Then made her escapado.

Who kept the "Union Boarding House,"
And got so much embarrassed
Repentantly she begged her spouse
Would come and help his "dearest."

Who promised him if he would come,
She ne'er again would leave him ;
She always *had* been *true* to him—
She never *would* deceive him.

On Mount Madonna's lovely brow
She was not well contented ;
In haste she left—that's when and how
His ruin she invented.

Like lightning through the poet's mind
These burning thoughts were flashing ;
But in his wife he could not find
One symptom of compassion.

She'd rest herself a little while,
Then, all at once, would rally,
And, giving him a fiendish smile,
Would call aloud for "Sallie."

But Sallie had vamoosed to town—
Still Etta kept on making
A racket, till success might crown
Her wicked undertaking.

In vain he counselled her to "hush"—
For she is no spring chicken—
And, though he saw what made him blush,
She did some splendid kicking.

When he released her dexter claw,
It straightway sought her pocket ;
So, lest a pistol she might draw,
He instantly re-took it ;

For she informed him the same day,
Before this little squabble,
That she a pistol could display
In case of any trouble.

One of her boarders, (Mr. ——)
The weapon had provided,
Her uncongenial spouse to rout,
Whene'er she so decided.

She'd carried it a month or more—
To health 'twas not conducive ;
He'd better leave the town before
It spoke in tone conclusive.

And once before, when he assayed
To speak on the defensive,
This admonition she conveyed—
'Tis very comprehensive :

“ There ! Shut your mouth ! if not, your head
Will have a hole made through it ;
For I have with me here in bed
The thing with which to do it.

Failing to coax him off elsewhere
By lucrative didactics,
Now, having got him by the hair,
She had reversed her tactics.

But, though she fain would have him stay,
She was not superhuman,
Therefore at last he got away
From that conspiring woman.

When she, discouraged, let him go,
He leisurely walked townward ;
But soon met Mexicanas, two,
Well-armed, and hasting downward.

One of them wore a silver star,
And told him to surrender ;
Of course 'twas not worth while to spar—
My bard had no defender ;

So he walked with them to the jail
And past the grinning sentry ;
Concludes this chapter of my tale
With that eventful entry.

San Diego, Cal., April 10th, 1887.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I've never prayed in all my life
Till now, for inspiration;
Now I invoke on my false wife
Eternal condemnation.

O, woman! (if the name belongs
To such a thing as you are,)
Dost think that such insulting wrongs
In silence I'll endure?

Nay, Etta, nay! your brutal deed
Shall never be forgotten;
Your infamy shall millions read
When your vile bones are rotten.

I've been to you a husband true—
You've made my life unpleasant;
And now I have received from you
A dungeon for a present.

You've threatened oft to take my life—
Which threats I've little heeded;
But now I almost wish my wife
Had long ago succeeded.

Wherefore am I put under ban
And treated with derision,
Like a convicted highwayman
In an outlandish prison?

Why is my plea received with scorn
To see my country's consul?
Why do they shake their heads and warn
Me not to use my pencil?

Why am I forced to beg for bread
Of those who "murderer" brand me,
And point their carbines when I've said
Me tengo mucha hambre?

Why am I starved in dungeon vile
Like an accursed hyena—
My wife and her gallants the while
Are playing at cassino?

O, question not the tears I shed,
Nor why my cheeks blush scarlet :
Must it be said when I am dead
That Wentworth loved a harlot ?

Must I be branded as a knave,
And my wife be a lady,
When I have been her willing slave,
But would not keep crime shady ?

'Twould not be difficult to show
Why my wife calls me "villain ;"
She says she has a man in tow
Who's worth full half a million.

Perhaps she thinks she can suppress
The man without a dollar,
And unmolestedly caress
The *other* foolish fellow—

Perhaps she'll find adventure's stream
Too wide for her to straddle ;
And will be forced (spite of her dream)
Her own canoe to paddle.

Be that, however, as it may,
I'll go on with my story ;
I'm bound to give the plot away,
In spite of shame or glory.

The world shall know of her vile scheme
To its remotest borders ;
For I will make her name a theme
For criminal recorders.

Shame has been oft personified,
But not, on record, better,
In this wide world of shameless pride,
Than by my own false Etta—
My heartless Henrietta !

Nothing transpired from my arrest
Till I received my sentence—
Which I received without protest—
My prayer was to be *sent hence*.

The "gov'nor" came to my relief—
A swarthy Mexicana—
When I found out I'd come to grief
In this peculiar manner :

“ You’re charged with a most murderous act,
And also defamation—
Have been convicted, and, in fact,
Are doomed to transportation.

Your wife no more will punish you
For trying to defame her,
If you from hence agree to go
Upon to-morrow’s steamer ;

But if you choose not to comply
With her benign decision,
You’re liable for life to lie
In some interior prison.

You cannot see your wife again,
Save by a guard attended ;
But, till the boat leaves, may remain
In town—if well commended.”

A friend that moment chanced to come,
And my release was granted ;
A guard went with me to my home
To get some clothes I wanted.

My anxious wife desired to know
If I’d received my sentence—
Austerely grinned, but did not show
One symptom of repentance.

I told her what I did receive,
And she was much astonished,
But said the town I could not leave
Till I’d been further punished.

The guard went with me back to town,
But would not there release me ;
The sooty governor had gone,
So back in jail he forced me.

My wife called in that afternoon—
(Angelic sympathizer !)
“ You do not know your fate, but soon,”
She said, “ you will be wiser.”

“ I’ve made your sentence very light,
You have no cause to blame me ;
I’m bound to keep my honor bright,
And let no one defame me.”

“The laws down here are strict and just,
With them 'tis vain to trifle ;
So you will understand you must
Forever cease to cavil.

You'll have to sign a heavy bond
To leave my name unmentioned—
Yes, Hiram, from this day beyond
You're on my mercy pensioned.”

The letters she had written me
Before we were united,
She boasting said “by force will be
'Taken ere you've departed.”

I told her that those letters were
Not then in Ensenada—
Of getting them she must despair—
Which made her breathe much harder.

She said she'd “have somebody sent
Right up to San Diego ;
My purpose she would circumvent
Before I could away go.”

She breathed awhile, and then resumed
With well-disguised emotion,
As if I were a demon doomed,
And she were all devotion :

“Now, If there's aught that I can do,
Let it not be rejected !
Poor Hiram ! I do pity you !
But I must be protected.”

And here's the answer which I made
To her affecting ditty :
“You are incapable, indeed,
Of either love or pity.”

“Good bye !” she said, her teeth close shut,
And left as if she meant it.
Thought I, I never shall get out
If *lying* can prevent it.

San Diego, April 12th.

CHAPTER THIRD.

What wonder tears began to flow
At thoughts of such dishonor—
Sold by his wife in Mexico,
The bard of Mount Madonna !

His mind went back to former times,
Which made him almost frantic ;
And then he mused : “ I’ll write some rhymes
Will make this thing romantic.”

And the productions of my pen
Which now appear on paper,
Had their conception in that den
Of filthy smoke and vapor.

Contrasting that infernal jail
With Mount Madonna’s summit,
Caused my indignant blood to boil
And made my stomach vomit.

And shall my wife unpunished go—
The arch connubial traitor ?
No ! By my reputation—*No !*
I’ll teach the world to hate her.

Nature worked hard six thousand years
To make my vixen Etta ;
I’d rather be disgraced by shears
Than let oblivion get her.

She might have known her fiendish plot.
For my extermination
Would prove her passport to the lot
Of endless execration.

I’ve never grumbled that her face
Is not a thing of beauty ;
But, since she’s crowned me with disgrace,
I shall perform my duty.

Upon her nose the ancient youth
Has had an operation
Which caused a hole down through her mouth
And stopped articulation.

She had to have a new mouth made,
And teeth therewith connected,
Without which she would be a jade
Not very much respected.

Excepting when her mouth is in
She can't speak—and no wonder—
Besides, her peaked nose and chin
Are scarce an inch asunder.

No person, howsoe'er devout,
Could watch poor Etta coughing
Until she coughed her new mouth out,
And keep from inward laughing.

Then she could only talk by signs,
And, were it not too *perverse*,
I'd write some interesting lines
Describing her manœuvres.

To do her justice, I must say
My wife's an expert feinter ;
I've known her feint six times a day,
And find fault the remainder.

She used to live in Cadillac—
Her friends will recognize her ;
Without expense she can go back
After I advertise her.

She claims to be a "Johnny Bull,"
Of notable extraction ;
Her *conduct* points toward some pool
Of moral putrification.

Religion is *another* scheme
By which she seeks promotion ;
But if religion is no dream,
O, what will be her portion ?

She's hypocritical throughout,
From blood heat down to zero ;
And there is not the slightest doubt
She's wilted many a hero.

How oft I've held her in my arms,
Moved by her fond professions,
And tried to analyze her charms
In spite of prepossessions.

She often said she wished that I
 Could love as much as she did ;
I fondly told her I would try.
 I hope I have succeeded.

She said I ne'er could realize
 The depth of her affection ;
But I have ascertained its size—
 Its height, depth and complexion.

When once her love she had vouchsafed,
 She could not countermand it ;
It mattered not how much it chafed,
 Her victim had to stand it.

In philosophic state of mind
 I heard this declaration,
Determined I would be resigned
 To my strange situation.

But *this* is Ensenada jail,
 And *that* was Mount Madonna ;
'Tis now too late to countervail
 My wife's unblemished honor.

She's proved exactly what she is—
 There's no mistake about it ;
And, by the time I've finished this,
 No one who reads will doubt it.

Before she made this final show
 Of her excessive pity,
She tried to force me straight to go
 To Mississippi City.

She had some true friends living there,
 To whom she would commend me ;
She'd raise the coin to pay my fare—
 She *knew* they would befriend me.

She'd come, when I got "settled down,"
 And be my "little wifey."
I didn't go—her friends might frown,
 Or take my little life.

To get my life insured she'd try ;
 And when I asked her wherefore :
"Why, dear, supposing you should die,
 Who would your baby care for ?"

Another tale I will unfold,
And then subside contented :
I don't ask Michigan for gold,
Whatever Etta's hand did.

If false or true, I can't say which—
Truth does not oft decoy her—
She said she threw on Mrs. Fitch
Some vitriol, to destroy her ;

And that a large amount would be
Paid for her apprehension.
'Tis immaterial to me—
The yarn I merely mention.

The thing transpired in Cadillac
Two years ago last autumn ;
She's oft been on the sheriff's track,
And *once* she nearly caught him.

The seventh sun of April rose
To find my bard impatient ;
For it was whispered by its foes
He would be far away sent.

He must be sent where he could be
Deprived of tools to write with ;
His wife had won their sympathy—
Her wish must be complied with.

The fellow is insane, no doubt—
He *may* do something awful ;
It isn't *safe* to let him out—
In fact, it isn't *lawful*.

But, after consultation, they
Agreed I might that day go
(If I would never come that way
Again) to San Diego.

I'd paid in on some lots I bought
About two hundred dollars :
Burnstein returned it, as he ought—
Of *him* I am not jealous.

The day wore on—I paced the jail
In doubt, with arms akimbo,
And often muttered, "This is hell—
Why am I still in limbo ?"

'Twas nearly time the boat should sail—
My nerves were quite unsteady ;
'There was no chance to take leg bail—
'The prospect was most shady.

So I began to bluster round
And show my independence ;
'The captain of the guard was found
Who soon enforced my sentence.

'The guard again went to my house—
My trunk was packed instanter ;
My wife was ready for a touse,
But I'd no time to banter.

Her grief she scarcely could endure
Because I had her picture.
(A steel engraving I'll procure
To help my rhyme convict her.)

"Now both of us are fancy-free,
Why would you still retain it ?
Of course you'll send it back to me—
I'm *sure* you'll not profane it ?"

"Good bye," she said, but I did not—
I chose to say it later ;
And (mistress of her chosen lot)
I dropped my hot potato.

We made good time toward the boat—
My trunk between us bringing ;
And when I found myself afloat,
I scarce could keep from singing.

I didn't quarrel with my luck
Of getting "transportation ;"
I came the nearest being stuck
I have since my creation.

No stupid fiction I create
To make my readers drowsy ;
In chapter four I shall relate
How I came to be lousy.

San Diego, April 15.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

I scarce had to my berth retired
Ere I in dream-land rambled ;
My wife against my life conspired
And in my ruin gambled.

Again I heard the brazen hag
In bold defiance cackle :
“ The goose which lays the golden egg
No *poor* man shall enshackle.”

She's been emboldened by success
Till nothing will appease her
But my unqualified disgrace
And some rich harlot-squeezer.

Because her mischief-making friends
(She claims) are rich and many,
I cannot thwart her fiendish ends,
For friends, I have not any.

She fails to reckon on my pen—
A vast immortal treasure
Which laughs at gold, and loudest when
It waits on Wentworth's pleasure.

Her record she cannot efface—
'Tis doomed to live forever ;
The man whom she would fain debase,
Defies her vain endeavor.

She's left no artifice untried
Which promised to degrade me ;
She's lied, and schemed, and schemed, and lied,
And finally betrayed me.

But Etta's lust-begotten trick
With me to play the devil,
May prove the grand climacteric
In her career of evil.

When I went home one week ago,
She had her plan digested ;
'Twas very simple —yes or no —
Leave here, or be arrested.

She had conjectures (quite abstruse)
I'd better travel southward ;
Perhaps her friends might "cook my goose,"
If I should journey northward.

To seek my fortune in the mines
She often did advise me ;
Fortune cuts up all sorts of shines—
No doubt she would surprise me.

I never would get aught to do
Loafing round Ensenada ;
And she and I would soon be two—
Then I must work much harder.

There everybody hated me,
And not without good reason ;
If I remained there, I'd soon be
Convicted of wife-treason.

She didn't *want* my patronage—
I'd covered her with vermin ;
And she, with well-dissembled rage,
Declared she would extermin-

Ate the lousy poet who had brought
Creepers from San Diego ;
She one of them that day had caught
Crawling way up her leg—Oh !

And on her *elsewhere* she had found
No fewer than a dozen !
No ! gracious ! no ! she'd not be bound
To such a lousy person !

So I protested there and then—
"Those lice—I never brought them ;
I to no unclean place have been
Wherefrom I could have caught them."

"That matters not—no other way
They ever could have got here ;
Therefore no longer you shall stay
(If you do, I shall not) here !"

I stripped my clothing off and found
Thereon three lusty crawlers,
Which proves that I had ample ground
To gamble dimes and dollars

That I was innocent of what
My wife imposed upon me,
And that 'twas but another plot
Away from home to run me.

The lice war she herself begun,
With mischief-making license,
Then beat my lice count four to one,
And beat her own device hence.

And, furthermore, let it be said,
(Not to encourage wonder)
Since my return, in our wide bed
We had slept far asunder.

Two weeks away is quite a spell—
With smiles my wife should greet me ;
She kept aloof, though, strange to tell,
As though she didn't need me.

That evening the insidious dame,
With mystical demeanor,
Said, "Come, boys, let us have a game,
Four-handed, at cassino."

"I'll choose for my pard Mr. A. ;
Let Mr. S. take Hiram ;
Of course they don't know how to play,
But we can soon inspire 'em."

"We want to have a little fun,
And therefore we'll excuse them ;
We'll show them, though, ere we have done,
How much we can amuse them."

We'd not been playing very long
Ere I saw mischief hatching ;
At first I noticed nothing wrong
Save energetic scratching.

First Etta's pard would scratch a while,
Then they'd both scratch in concert ;
Then at each other they would smile—
Myself they next would glance at.

"I wonder who can tell the price
Of this infernal itching ?
Perhaps it is—it *can't* be—lice !
I wonder if 'tis catching ?"

“There is a *cause* for everything—
‘There’s nothing that can miss one ;
If ridicule has any sting,
We’ll prove the cause of *this* one.”

They kept it up for half an hour,
And I did not disturb them ;
At last my temper got quite sour,
And I thought best to curb them.

“’Tis hardly worth while to make game
Of a few harmless vermin ;
They’re here, of course, but how they came,
Please let events determine.”

“There! Mr. Wentworth, that’s enough—
Your doom is now decided ;
I will not live with such a rough—
You ought to be raw-hided !”

The game went on for quite a while,
Which I kept closely watching,
But witnessed not another smile,
And there was no more scratching.

But when together in our room
Her tongue resumed its clanging,
And most perversely did she fume
While she her hair was banging.

And evermore until I’m dead
My memory will retain her,
Just as she sat there on the bed
Grinning like a hyena.

My bard awoke and gazed around—
Astonishment defied him ;
But he was happy when he found
His wife was not beside him.

’Twas but a dream of what had past—
A vivid and a true one—
Of Etta’s victim—not her last—
She soon will have a new one.

Who holds her in his arms to-night ?
Perhaps his name is Legion ;
I hope he’ll keep her honor bright
And varnish her religion.

I do not envy him his bliss—
He'll find it ever fleeting ;
Just when he thinks he's where it is,
'Twill be elsewhere retreating.

No one can blame my jilted bard
For these enforced reflections ;
He sends them broadcast forth to guard
His wife's insidious actions.

Injustice she can never get
Save on the score of mercy ;
Her wicked conduct I regret—
Would it were *vice versa*.

Against myself I must rebel
And seem to be inhuman,
When my life-prayer has been to dwell
In love with some true woman.

O, why should such sad fate be mine—
To wed a vile imposter ?
Why should a poet's love divine
Be doomed to such disaster ?

My bard tried to excuse his shame,
But grief his effort chided ;
And therefore at the bar of fame
His case must be decided.

The letters spoken of elsewhere
Will every one be printed ;
The trial must be fair and square,
And properly presented.

Yes, Mrs. Conrad I will show
In all her pious splendor ;
I can't afford to let her go
Without a good off-sender.

To almost any trick or trade
She can with ease adapt her ;
But 'tis her forte to ensenade* [**ensnare*]
Men with religious rapture.

I'm almost dead from want of sleep
And from severe vexation ;
Therefore (my readers must not weep)
I'll take a short vacation.

San Diego, April 18th.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

But Wentworth scarce had shuffled off
Life's heavy load of lumber
Before the boat dropt in a trough
To countermand his slumber,

And, thrown abruptly on his head,
'Till reason told me better,
I thought he'd been kicked out of bed
By my perfidious Etta.

But when I found he could not stand
The boat was so unsteady,
I took his clothing in my hand
And we for hell made ready.

I was the first to get on deck,
And, far from being frantic,
I didn't even think of wreck,
The scene was so romantic.

The white waves chased the little boat
As wolves a scared jack rabbit;
Some tried to sieze her by the throat,
But, somehow, couldn't grab it.

The boat is little, but she's brave :
Applause I could not smother
When she would swallow one big wave
And jump to catch another.

I who but yesterday did prove
My wife a treacherous schemer,
Was then (confound my luck) in love
With that bewitching steamer.

I sat entranced and held my breath—
The waves were growing bolder,
And one fierce white cap snapped his teeth
Directly o'er my shoulder.

Although the wind did not increase,
The false Pacific ocean
Showed not the slightest sign of peace,
But raged with wild commotion.

Point Loma dawned upon the scene,
And soon we passed his portal ;
Then everything became serene—
The waves refused to sport all.

I drew one long, inspiring breath
And audibly reflected :
“ I have been colonized to death,
But now I'm resurrected !”

Wentworth will be himself again
In spite of opposition :
He can't be snuffed out till his pen
Accomplishes its mission.

Now I am out of Mexico,
In Uncle Sam's dominions,
My wife and all the world shall know
My long-suppressed opinions.

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,”
And promenade on tiptoe ;
But Ensenada, let no man
Who has a false wife, ship to.

She'll sell him to some Mexican,
And they will take the money
And go somewhere to spend a moon
Improperly called “honey.”

In Mexico an Englishman
Is very much respected ;
But no “accursed American ”
May hope to be protected.

No self-respecting man will stay
And listen to a lingo
Which, be his conduct what it may,
Still brands him as a “gringo.”

The Mexicans owe us a grudge,
And they will interdict us
Till we give them another nudge
And teach them to respect us.

The day is not far distant when
Old Mex will burn her fingers
By fooling round the quiet men
Whom she derides as “gringos.”

As I was twenty years ago,
 (In love with glorious trifles,)
I'd like to march through Mexico
 Backed by ten thousand rifles.

I'm not in love with trifles now—
 My head is getting hoary ;
But this damned pen must crown my brow
 With something—shame or glory.

But for my pen, I'd never had
 This matrimonial trouble ;
It seems omnipotently bad
 And impotently noble.

I won my wife without a thought
 But sentimental rapture ;
If I had known the thing I caught,
 There would have been no capture.

I'd not have been where now I am
 Directed by a blind sight.
My foresight isn't worth a damn,
 But I've a splendid hindsight.

A dunce, when first he's "taken in,"
 Is simply to be pitied ;
But if he plays the fool again,
 He ought to be committed.

From boyhood I had longed to be
 Connubially mated—
To climb the matrimonial tree
 And be domesticated.

I've been unmercifully lunched
 On desiccated bacon ;
My check for happiness is punched,
 And soon will be re-taken.

I seek not friends—I fear not foes—
 I'd scorn to borrow splendor ;
And, when I take fate by the nose,
 It means she must surrender.

Henceforth my "darling" shall not rest,
 No matter where she hides her ;
To ruin me she's done her best,
 And now my wrath abides her.

To-day she came from Mexico,
Escorted by a greaser;
She hurried northward just as though
She feared the law would seize her.

Of course I could imprison her,
But I've no inclination;
To punish Etta I prefer
With healthy moral suasion

O, language! would that thou wert rich
As I am persevering,
I'd carry rhyme to such a pitch
'Twould magnetize the hearing.

O, Etta! would that thou wert true
As I am unrelenting,
I'd make the wide world worship you
Instead of reprehending.

O, Virtue! if on this vile sod
Thou hast a being real,
Command me! I will worship God—
For thou art my Ideal.

O, Freedom! hide your head and shun
The glorious light of heaven.
Shame! that such sooty deeds are done
In eighteen eighty-seven.

Ah! vainly might I wail my wrong
And curse my vile deceiver,
If (as immortal as my song)
My shame must last forever;

But since perfidious Etta's shame
I *must* stoop to contend with,
I shall exonerate the name—
The fame of Hiram Wentworth.

As I have neither time nor room
In this short publication
I'll twine a wreath for Etta's tomb,
I'll save my inspiration;

And, muttering a solemn vow
To cancel all reproaches,
I, (with a grim, sarcastic bow)
Will say *buenas noches*.

HIRAM WENTWORTH.

San Diego, Cal., April 20th, 1887.

The following letter, which I received at the Gilroy postoffice on or about the 10th of last January, does not require much comment from me. Justice Long is a resident of Cadillac, Michigan, at which place my wife has, in several of her splenetic moods, confessed the commission of a penitentiary offense two years ago last autumn. The day before I received the letter, I had shipped all of our household goods from Gilroy to Monterey, with the intention of going to Monterey two days later and re-shipping them and going with them by boat to San Diego. After receiving the letter which follows, I had the goods stored about two weeks in Monterey, being in doubt what to do with them. In the mean time I wrote several letters to San Diego to learn more particulars of my wife's arrest; but none of her friends knew anything about it, and I was informed that she was still in San Diego. Finally she wrote me a note herself, saying she begged Captain Ingalls to put her off the Ranger at the Coronado Islands, whence, after one week's absence, she returned to Coronado Beach. Before receiving her letter, I had made arrangements to join the Topolobampo colony, and for that purpose had again shipped our goods to San Francisco. At her earnest entreaty I immediately went with them to San Diego, and shortly after to Ensenada, Mexico. While in Ensenada, she informed me that the account of her arrest was all a hoax, gotten up by herself and her partner, M—— E——, to keep me from coming to San Diego; but her partner soon "went back" on her, and then she wanted me to come. When she last threatened to get a bill from me, (she has made the same threat at short intervals ever since we were first married) I reminded her that I had some letters in my possession which would be very strong evidence against her, if I saw fit to produce them; to which she replied: "Why, you poor old fool, I'd go right up on the witness stand and swear I never wrote them."

Steamship Ranger, San Diego, Cal., Jan. 7th, 1887,

MY DARLING—Out of great tribulation I write to you once again. I was arrested last night at the instigation of Justice Long, and taken quietly to the New Carleton Hotel; and they locked me in a room with a keeper on the outside. I had a corner room in the second story, near the fire escape. I made up my mind I would escape or die in the attempt; so I started on my perilous voyage through the air. I made a more rapid than safe descent until I reached the window directly under mine, when I had the good or bad fortune to awake the occupants of the room; and I soon heard the window rise, and a man's hand grasped me in an iron grip. I had presence of mind enough not to speak, neither did he until the window was down and the curtain drawn; then he bade me look toward the bed. I looked, and there sat a little woman about my size, and she had me well covered with a revolver, and all she said was, "Explain your conduct, and that quickly." I explained and told her the truth just as it was. She was very brief in her remarks, simply saying, "Captain Ingalls, when does the Ranger leave port?" His answer was, "At half-past four in the morning, on account of the tide." She—Mrs. Ingalls—then said, "This woman must go with me as my maid, instead of Susie," having reference to a colored girl in the next room. So here I am out at sea while my keeper thinks me sound asleep in my room. I send you this letter through the Captain's hands by a tug boat, which will leave us in one half hour. The Captain was averse to my writing to you until we had been at sea some time; but, my darling, I could not sail out onto an unknown sea and leave him whom I do love so dearly in suspense. O, Hiram! why did I ever cross your path to make you more lonely and unhappy than you have ever been? O, my dear husband, forgive me for the last cruel letter I wrote you—but I couldn't help it when you reflected on my character and Judge ——. But pray, forgive me, my love, and receive the love and ENDYING love of your poor outcast wife. O, Hiram! I hold out my poor hands to you and cry, "Forgive! Forgive!" Will, we ever meet again? Probably not, I fear. O, can I give you up eternally? I do not think I can live long without you. Forget me and forgive me if you can. I will write to you just as soon as it is safe—if it ever is. I do not know our destination, but know it is either Adelaide or Sidney, New South Wales. I expect to be in Australia or New South Wales in about 197 days. Good bye, and God bless you, my darling—my husband—my love. One million kisses—kisses!



*Paragraphs from a letter to my Wife, dated Mount
Madonna, December 19th, 1886.*

It is both amusing and painful to note the curious blunders which creep into your letters. You say—"I do not worship gold. I would be very glad if *we* had enough of it to make *me* comfortable; but above that, I would not care for it." A pen is a treacherous and dangerous thing in the hand of a person who writes from motives of policy, and often reveals the very object which was intended to be concealed. Were your pen writing the dictates of a heart overflowing with love, it would not be apt to commit such a blunder as the one I have just pointed out.

There are several queer expressions in your letters on which I have made no comment; but they have all made impressions on my mind which were not essential to our future happiness. I mention this fact for your own benefit, and hope you will profit by it. Let your pen write only what your heart dictates. *Let your heart be mine*, without any hair-cutting ifs or gold-plated ands. Let your actions prove what your words avow, and there will be no more misunderstandings, no more disgraceful quarrels, no more suicidal blunders. The contemplation of suicide *even by the most approved methods* is anything but pleasant; in fact the self-destruction of a useful person, *by any means*, is an unnatural spectacle at which all our mental faculties revolt; but the *climax* of repulsiveness is only attained when some woman of pleasing accomplishments and lovable qualities goes awkwardly and persistently at work to cut her throat with a pen.